[Now First Published.]

DR. COLLET'S REVENGE.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL,
AUTHOR OF "RED RYVINGTON," "BIRCH DENE," ETC.

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

CHAPTER I.

John Collet's father was a struggling country druggist, who, after many ups and downs, made a competence by inventing and vending a patent medicine and a proprietary ointment. After his demise they were sold to a company which, by dint of vigorous advertising, made them famous as "Collet's Cure All" and Collet's Heal All." Collet gave his boy a good education, made a doctor of him, and left him four hundred a year. John (to whom the medicine and the ointment were abominations) was an aspiring young fellow and clever withal, and when he had passed the College and the Hall went to Paris, where he acquired a thorough mastery of the French tongue and the degree of M. D. By this time he was seven and twenty, but desiring to see something more of the world before settling down, he took a place as ship's surgeon, voyaged in many seas and traveled in many lands, and as he kept his eyes open and made notes, added greatly to his store of knowledge.

When Dr. Collet was thirty he bought a country practice in a town in the south of England, rather to the surprise of some of his friends, who had thought he would take up a specialty and establish himself in Harley street. But John had a liking for a country life and rural pursuits.

In London, moreover, the Heal All and the Cure All were always staring him in the face. Their virtues were set forth in every newspaper and proclaimed in flaming posters on every boarding and dead wall within the bills of mortality. Worse still, they were described as "Dr. Collet's celebrated remedies," thereby making him look like a quack—an indignity for which the law afforded him no redress.

The name of the town was Claybury, a sleepy, picturesque old place, with ten thousand inhabitants, a new corn exchange and an ancient church. The great personage of the neighborhood was Lord Mutrie, who lived at Claybury Priory, about two miles from the town, the greater part of which he owned.

As the practice, though highly respectable and fairly lucrative, was not extensive, Collet had plenty of spare time, which he gave, according to the season, to the cultivation of roses, the collection of entomological specimens, microscopic studies and sport. Several of his patients had hinted broadly that as Claybury folk had a prejudice against bachelor doctors, and the town possessed many eligible spinsters, he would do well to take one of them to wife. But as John was insensible to their charms, and set a good deal of store by his liberty, he decided to remain single a little longer. Instead of taking a wife he bought a second nag and took to hunting.

At the outset, however, he did not exactly distinguish himself. Cross country riding is an accomplishment that has to be learnt, and John valued his neck. But when he discovered by frequent experience that an ordinary fall does not hurt much he grew bolder, and, after a while began to emerge from the ruck of roadsters and riders for gaps with whom he had first consorted, and occasionally experienced the felicity of finding himself in the same field with the hounds.

Among the members of the Claybury Hunt were Lord Mutrie's son and heir, the Hon. Edgar, and his Lordship's daughter, the Hon. Beatrice Mutrie. But as at the covert side they kept with their own set, and when hounds were running rode in the first flight, Collet only knew them by sight, and had never given them second thought, hardly indeed, a second glance. They were socially quite out of his swim, and being somewhat of a Bohemian he had no great affection for swells. The last thing he expected was exchanging a word with any of the Mutries, or becoming a visitor at the Priory. But the unexpected occasionally happens, and it happened to Collet.

One day during a clicking run from Ollerton Spinney, he was pounding along on a flagging horse, when, observing in the next field a group of dismounted men, he surmised (as the hounds were still running) that somebody had come to grief.

As his tired horse blundered over the next fence, a man with whom he was slightly acquainted shouted his name and galloped towards him.

"Well met. You are wanted," said he. "Murtrie has had a bad fall, horse put his foot in a rabbit hole and rolled over him. He is lying there, unconscious and looks awfully bad. * * * Here we are. Make way for the Doctor, please. I'll hold your horse, Collet."

The wounded man lay on the ground, his head pillowed on a rolled up covert coat. His garments were muddy, his face was pale and streaked with blood, and he looked like one dead. Miss Mutrie was bending over him, weeping and wringing her hands.

"Are you a doctor?" she asked.

Collet bowed assent and waved back the people who were pressing round them.

"Oh, for heaven's sake—look—see—whether he is much hurt. If you save his life I shall be—we shall be so grateful. It would kill my father if—if—and my poor mother—her only son. Oh, this is terrible. Is he—still alive?"

Collet, who had already given his pocket handkerchief to a groom with instructions to wet it in the nearest ditch, knelt known beside his patient, and, after feeling his pulse, listened to his breathing. Miss Mutrie, the while, following John's movements with eager eyes, her hands clasped, her lips tightly closed.

"He is not dead," was the verdict.

"Thank God! But will he live?"

"I hope so, but—let us see whether any bones are broken."

Collet rapidly felt the young fellow all over, and announced the result of his inspection—a broken collar bone and a broken arm. There might also be internal injuries, but as to that nothing could be determined for the present—and there was certainly concussion of the brain.

"Oh, my poor Edgar! What shall we do, how get him home?" murmured Miss Mutrie.

"I am afraid there is no ambulance hereabouts," answered Collet. "But a roomy chaise would do."

A gentleman, whose house was hard by, offered to send for his largest carriage, a small omnibus.

"Just the thing," said Collet, who with the wetted handkerchief was wiping away the blood from young Mutrie's face and head, which had been gashed by the point of his horse's hoof. Taking from his pocket a little case that he always carried with him, John produced a pair of scissors, a surgical needle, and some silk thread. After cutting away the hair about the wound he stitched it up, and bound the head with an improvised compress.

"How fortunate you were out," exclaimed Miss Mutrie, warmly. "If you had not been, I don't know what we should have done. I am afraid he would have died. If my poor brother gets better we shall owe you his life. Do you think you can pull him through?"

"I hope so. Your brother is young and of sound constitution, and if there are no internal injuries," answered John, cautiously. And, seeing that when a horse rolls over a man the man generally gets a good deal the worst of it there was need for caution.

CHAPTER II.

When the carriage came Mr. Mutrie was placed on one of the seats, and, with the help of cushions, made tolerably comfortable. With him were his sister and the doctor. So far, John had been too much occupied to observe Miss Mutrie, but now that the brother required less of his attention he gave some of it to the sister. It was his habit, a habit that had become almost automatic, to make a tentative diagnosis of people whom he met for the first time as though they were potential patients. And he seldom made a bad shot. His diagnosis of Lord Mutrie's daughter was something like this: "A fine young woman—blonde, sanguine temperament—complexion brilliant, but almost too delicate, indicating a slight tendency to struma, which, however, she will outgrow, probably has already outgrown. Distinctly healthy, and, barring accidents and indiscretions, not likely to require medical advice."

As touching her moral qualities John kept an open mind. He knew that faces are apt to be deceptive, and that a saintly countenance may mask an evil nature, or plain features connote a beautiful soul. His own square, swarthy visage was not attractive at first sight, yet he had a conscience free from reproach of any great sin, and, if he knew himself, a kindly disposition. His impulses were good, and never in all his life had he made an enemy, or done anybody an ill turn.

As Dr. Collet came to this conclusion he glanced at his fair companion again, and perceived that her eyes were not only large and brown, but lovely and expressive—full of pity and sorrow, when they rested on her brother, pensive pathos when they were bent on himself.

"You still think he will recover, Doctor?" she said in a low, tremulous, yet musical voice, which went to John's heart.

"I still hope so. More I cannot say at present. I don't hold your brother's life in my hands, Miss Mutrie. Nothing would please me better than to be able to assure you that he is out of danger. Perhaps before long I shall have that pleasure."

"Do doctors ever hold their patient's lives in their hands?"

"Yes. In a sense that a remedy promptly applied, or an operation deftly performed, often saves a life that would otherwise be lost. The glory of a physician's calling is that he does and can save, or more correctly, prolong life."

"It is a terrible power. Do you think it is ever abused?"

"A doctor may blunder through ignorance or irresolution, of course. But I can not imagine a doctor letting a patient die by intention. That would be sheer murder."

"All the same—do you know I have a great dread of death?"

"So have most people, else a good many of them would not make such desperate efforts to keep alive."

"I don't mean for myself merely. I am less afraid of dying than of seeing others die. I never witnessed death, and hope I never shall."

"I hope you never will. Death is not a pleasant thought for the young and happy. Yet there are worse misfortunes."

"What?"

"Dishonor, the disloyalty of a friend, the treachery of a lover or a wife; and death is less to be dreaded than a ruined life. * * * This pillow wants raising a little—and here we are at your lodge gates."

CHAPTER III.

Not until he had stripped and thoroughly examined his patient and set his broken bones could Collet be induced to say what he thought of Mr. Mutrie's chances of recovery. But his opinion, when he did give it, was favorable, being to the effect that with careful nursing and good luck Mr. Mutrie was likely to get better. On which Lord Mutrie exclaimed, "Thank God!" and asked John (in whom, he said, he had more confidence than in any other medical man in the neighborhood) to take entire charge of the case and stay at the Priory until his son was convalescent.

To which John agreed without hesitation, and telegraphed to his agent in London to send down at once a fully qualified assistant and two trained nurses.

The next day the patient was in a state of high fever, and Collet, being extremely anxious to justify the family's confidence in his skill, had a trying time. And even when he had no further cause to be anxious about his patient he became desperately anxious about himself. With good reason, for he was falling in love with Miss Mutrie. Physically she was a splendid specimen of the genus homo; her manners were perfect and he had decided that she was mentally and morally superior to any woman he had ever met. She hovered round her brother's bed like an angel, and nursed him with infinite tenderness. John himself she treated with a sweet deference that was simply irresistible; and in the end he came to love her as only a man of strong character who loves for the first time can love—deeply, wildly. But knowing that Lord Mutrie, a proud man of high lineage and great wealth, would never consent to the marriage of his daughter with a country practitioner, whose father had kept a druggist's shop, and having no reason to beleive that Beatrice did or would return his passion, he tried hard to reason himself out of his folly. He might as well have bidden her brother reason himself out of his delirium. Her footsteps in the corridor made him tremble, the flutter of her gown sent the blood to his head; he thought of her by day and dreamt of her by night, and looked forward to the time when he should leave the Priory with a sickening sense of despair.

But even when the invalid was quite out of danger, Lord Mutrie would not let Collet go. His Lordship gave him a cheque for £500, and many gracious words, and it was arranged that he should dine and sleep at the Priory every night until further orders, and look after his patients in the town during the day.

John and Beatrice were thus thrown much together. They met continually in her brother's room; he gave her lessons in botany, at which he was an adept, spent hours with her in the conservatories, and occasionally walked with her in the park; yet though she was so kind, he doubted whether she divined his secret, and had no reason to believe that he had made an impression on her heart.

When Mr. Mutrie was sufficiently recovered to travel Dr. Collet advised that it would be well for him to go to some place with a bracing atmosphere, and suggested Switzerland, to which Lord Mutrie at once agreed, and invited Collet to accompany them as his son's medical attendant—to which Collet agreed—against his better judgment, for his passion grew with what it fed on, and he had a foreboding that in some mad moment he should reveal it to Beatrice, and then—the deluge.

The party consisted of Lord and Lady Mutrie and their family, John Collet, and several servants.

They moved about, sojourned for a while in the Oberland and at Lucerne, and July found them at Chamnery, in canton Valais, when his Lordship, being wanted at home, left them.

By this time Edgar had fully regained his strength, and early in August their party was to break up, he and his sister and mother going to Scotland, John to Claybury. He did not rejoice in the prospect. As for Beatrice, though she was as gracious as ever, he could not for the life of him tell whether she affected his company because she liked to talk with him about literature and science, and other subjects in which she took an interest—because, in short, he amused her—or for some more sentimental motive, her manner being susceptible of either construction. In any case it would not be right to entrap her into an engagement which her parents would not sanction, and which could bring only misery and confusion.

Thus thought Collet in his calmer moods, yet there were times when he resolved to brush all obstacles aside and win Beatrice or die.

One day Edgar, Beatrice and the Doctor, accompanied by several English tourits who were staying at the same hotel, made an excursion to the Culet. As it was a journey of several hours they started early, taking with them a couple of porters, who carried provisions, on which the party lunched with good appetites in the pine woods near the top of the mountain. There they sauntered and rested during the heat of the day, and descended to Champery in the cool of the evening. They had gone up in a body, they went down in groups and pairs, and while some loitered by the way others made haste, as if to see how quickly they could reach their destination.

Among the pairs were Beatrice and John, and, either by accident or design, they were the last to leave the pine wood. To make matters worse—or better—they took a wrong turn and lost their way, to the lady's dismay; for, though she liked Dr. Collet's society, she did not seem to like the idea of being benighted on a Swiss mountain side with him for her sole company.

After studying his way and making inquiry of a wayfarer whom they chanced to meet, Collet decided to strike across a newly mown alp, or mountain mead, which, as the wayfarer assured him, was a near cut to the road they had wandered from. Now, the alp, besides terminating in a precipice, was as steep as the roof of a high gabled house, and the turf smooth and velvety, so that Miss Mutrie, whose boot soles had been polished by walking on grass the greater part of the day found, the descent difficult, which John (whose boots were spiked) perceiving would have had her take his arm.

"Thank you very much," said she, rather coldly. "I can manage very well with my alpenstock."

Nevertheless, Collet kept his eye on her, and well he did, for presently the alpenstock snapped, whereupon the lady fell and glided swiftly down the slope. Collet dashed frantically after her, and was barely in time to seize her hand as she hung over the precipice. Though unhurt, she was faint with fear, and John, raising her up, put his arms round her and rested her head on his shoulder. Both were deeply moved, and he, forgetting that he was a druggist's son, poured forth his tale of love in a torrent of passionate words, and she, forgetting that she was a lady of high degree, and remembering only his devotion, smiled through her tears, and let him take love's guerdon from her lips.

"Oh, you love me, you love me!" he cried. "I care for nothing else, I ask for nothing else."

"Yes, I love you," she murmured, "and who is there so worthy of my love?"

"I hope Lord Mutrie will think the same," said John, recovering from his delirium and resolving to play fair. "Remember, my origin is very humble and my people are common people."

"Anyhow, you are a gentleman and the cleverest man I know. My father thinks very highly of you. He has often said that but for your skill and attention Edgar would have died. And when he knows that my happiness is at stake I think he will give his consent. But you must leave this to me. I shall find a way of breaking the ice. If you were to speak first he might be angry. You will have to wait awhile."

"As long as you like, darling. The joy of this moment is enough for a lifetime—and I know you will be true."

"Till death. Yes, I shall be true, and you will be both true and discreet. Promise me not to reveal our secret, either by word or sign, until I give you leave—or (smiling) prove untrue."

"I promise."

Then they resumed their walk and overtook their companions.

(To be concluded.)

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Darlings.

Brooklyn Life.

Dora—How do you like my Easter bonnet?

Cora—Fine! Who made it over for you?

Long Range Salutations.

Detroit Free Press.

Uncle Sam (by long distance telephone)—Hawaii, dear?

Transpacific Answer—I'm your Sandwich.

The Cost of It.

Detroit Free Press.

Applicant—What does a marriage license cost?

Clerk—One dollar down and the balance all your life.

In Society.

Vogue.

Clara—Did you know that Mrs. Dangle had gone on a trip to Bermuda?

Maud—No. I must call on her before she gets back.

No Charge.

Good News.

Nervous Employer—I don't pay you for whistling.

Office Boy—That's all right; I can't whistle well enough to charge extry for it yet.

A Few Drawbacks.

Good News.

Aunty—And how does my little pet like going to school?

Little Pet—I like it ever so much 'cept the readin', writin', an' 'rithmetic, an' spellin'.

Reciprocity.

Harper's Bazar.

Miss Budd (to famous pianist)—That music was truly divine, monsieur.

Monsieur—Ah, mam'selle, zat is indeed praise; for who but an angel would know divine music?

Took the Wind Out of His Sails.

Life's Calendar.

Waggs (to young matron with the perambulator)—Good morning, Mrs. Fullbloom. Are you taking the son out for an airing, or the heir out for a sunning?

Mrs. Fullbloom—Neither, Mr. Waggs. Baby is a girl.

Tough Underpinning.

New York Weekly.

Minks—Lame again, I see?

Winks—Yes; my feet are very tender, and shoes always hurt.

Minks—Mine are tough—tough as pine knots. Why, I can even wear shoes that are made to measure.

Solicitude.

Good News.

Employer (kindly)—You are becoming very round shouldered, Mr. Faithful.

Bookkeeper (with hopes of a vacation)—Yes, I fear that I am.

Employer (solicitously)—Hadn't you better stop riding a bicycle?

A Chivalrous Spirit.

Chicago Record.

Biggles the Tough (with scorn)—You're afraid to fight me!

Muggins—Afraid, nothin'. But I won't take a unfair advantage of a man who's so much bigger'n me that popular opinion would denounce him for bullyin' a smaller man.

Her Point of View.

New York Weekly.

Husband—Do you know that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to her face?

Wife—No, I did not; but if it is so I presume it is a wise provision of nature to let the world know what sort of a husband a woman has.

An Indignity Resented.

Chicago Tribune.

"I have lost my little Fido," said the young woman, chokingly. "Here's a notice offering a reward for his recovery."

"To go in the 'want' column, I suppose," said the advertising clerk.

"No, sir!" she replied, haughtily. "I want it to go among your other personal items, sir."

A Valuable Friend.

Life.

She—Dr. Reaper tells me that he is not only your family physician, but a warm friend of yours.

He—Oh, yes, indeed, and I can recommend him very highly.

She—Has he ever treated you?

He—No, not personally. But he was very successful with a wealthy aunt of mine.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

New York Weekly.

Farmer's Wife—Well, what do you want?

Tramp (with club)—Wot do I want, eh? I want—

Farmer (appearing unexpectedly)—What are you coming around people's houses for with a big club like that?

Tramp (meekly)—I jus' picked this up to chew on, sir, an' I dropped in to see if th' lady wouldn't give me a little salt to flavor it.

Why They Don't Marry.

New York Weekly.

Miss Leftover—You are a woman hater, I hear.

Mr. Slimpurse—That is a mistake. I merely cannot afford to marry.

Miss Leftover—Cannot you support a wife?

Mr. Slimpurse—Oh, yes, I could support a wife easy enough, but I haven't income enough to support the two or three other women she would need to wait on her.

Fitted for the Post.

New York Weekly.

Hotel Proprietor—Yes; I want a clerk at once. What do you know about hotel keeping?

Applicant—Know? See here! Unless you've got four or five years to spare for a little chat, ask me what I don't know. It'll take less time. What do I know about hotel keeping. Well, I should smile. I know it all—more than all. I could run forty hotels and play ten games of chess blindfolded. Why, man, I used to be a commercial traveler.

The first bank established in the United States was incorporated at Philadelphia, Dec. 31, 1781.

OFFERINGS FROM THE POETS.

The Nova Testifies

'Twas hid in distance past all wild surmise
For times and times not madness guesses at.
In so deep distance hid, so silent all
Around, above, beneath; so endless deep!
Our eyes, though many-multiplied, discerned
Not that it was, but deemed it empty space
Where it lay hid, out-shining our great sun—
And naught but distance to obscure our sight.

Nine days and nights the brazen anvil fell
Down from the throne of Zeus e'er it touched earth.
But this star's light, out-speeding all but thought—
Not nine score times nine the full sum shall tell
Of days and nights it flashed its way through space,
Yet lighted not our eyes. Two spirits wing
Their way to visit it and spy what means
Its silence, then what word it has we need;
The one from this the one from that extreme
Of our earth's course around our mighty sun;
While we, with sum of time's intelligence,
By all man's smart devices magnified,
Bend us to note what space their ways converge
As they speed on, that so a gauge we catch
Shall measure us how far that star lies off.
They pass from sight, their flight as bee's or crow's—
And not the smallest fraction's space named yet
The nearer by.
Nine days and nights a-fall!
You irk me, Zeus. 'Tis finger's flip at fly
Set 'gainst a comet's wanton flight a-field—
All bonds broke loose set to restrain its course,
Beside that star's incredible remove.
It burst in flame one day; in hours to tale
Upon one's fingers blazed a waste of light
More than the sun's. It pierced the nameless vast
To our earth dot; then, waning, fell again,
In flickering effulgence, from our sight.
And this its message: it is one with us;
Nova, and earth, and we are like. Substance
That is as that composes her sweet breath
Who makes life's burden not too great to bear;
That takes form now of flower and now of babe;
Gives man his symmetry, and tiger, too,
Arming the one with cunning aptitude
In deeds to overmatch the other's force;
More yet, is needful part of very earth
The while we act bears up our strutting steps;
Yea, is the warmth, the light, the life of time;
Such substance 'twas burned it to vapor there.
So! And thou'rt of the Universe, thou man.
As its lot even such thy lot shall be.
Thou small! see what expansion may be thine.
Yea, though now, fool, thou drown thyself in vice,
Plunged in God's crucible and resublimed,
Thou shalt arise perfect in grace and truth.
Yet, cease thy follies, lest it hapless chance
The sublimation find thee naught but dross.

—O. W. Sears.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 7.

Rain in the City.

What is the service of the rain?
We in the city want the sun!
Upon the wires that pass the pane
The idle drops together run.

I watch them idly; and below,
'Twixt wet and wind, in struggle vain,
I watch the crowd toil to and fro.
What is the service of the rain?

Somewhere in hollows, slow and still
The great drops bed upon the whips
Of willow, while the brooks upfill,
And to the dead turf lay their lips.

Then, all about the fields, unseen,
The spring will go with naked feet,
And make small winding paths of green,
And even the dead leaves smell sweet!

Then, buds like eyes begin to peer,
The bladed grass takes heart again;
There may be violets, too! But here
What is the service of the rain?

—Edith M. Thomas, in Atlantic.

The Final Goal.

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain:
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

—Tennyson's "In Memoriam," LIII.

Oh, for a Day of Spring.

Oh, for a day of spring,
A day of flowers and folly,
Of birds that pipe and sing
And boyhood's melancholy!
I would not grudge the laughter
The tears that followed after.

Oh, for a day of youth,
A day of strength and passion,
Of words that told the truth
And deeds the truth would fashion!
I would not leave untasted
One glory while it lasted

Oh, for a day of days,
A day with you and pleasure
Of love in all its ways,
And life in all its measure!
Win me that day from sorrow,
And let me die to-morrow.

—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

A Little Parable.

I made the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!

—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

A Wish.

Through shadow and shine
May pleasure be thine
And mine thy portion of woe
The shadows for me,
The sunlight for thee,
'T is all the solace I know.

In a world beyond this
I may share in thy bliss
That sparkles so fair in its flow.
Let thy laugh ripple clear,
Not a sigh, not a tear,
'Tis all the solace I know.

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Near Dermut, in Morocco, a natural aqueduct of rock carries a river over a wide and deep gorge.

The eastern gulf coast has the heaviest rains, over sixty inches a year; Arizona and New Mexico the least, less than ten inches.

The Mayor and aldermen of Chicago have already granted six thousand licenses for new drinking bars to be opened during the exposition.

The pet in the McMillan Musee at Omaha is an ox weighing 3,740 pounds, standing six feet four inches high, and measuring ten feet eleven inches in girth.

Japanese books begin at what we call the end. The lines are vertical instead of horizontal, the first being on the right-hand edge of the page, and are read downwards from the top. The place for the "foot notes" is at the top of the page, and that for the reader's marker at the bottom.

The salaries paid to persons in the civil service of the United States amount to $80,000,000 annually. This amount pays the wages of 180,000 persons. The average is $500 a year.

The largest petrified snake claimed to have been unearthed in Colorado some time ago turns out to be a fossilized palm tree, which grew in that State before the climate changed.

It has been estimated that a bell of common size, whose sounds would penetrate a distance of three to five miles on shore, could, if submerged in the sea, be heard over sixty miles.

Since work has commenced on the world's fair grounds, in Chicago, ten men have been killed outright, eight have died from wounds received while in service, and 610 have been injured.

Diamonds so small that 1,500 of them weigh but a carat have been cut in Holland. The artificial stones recently produced in England by an electrical process are also about this size.

In the Yosemite valley the "Father of the Forest," a fallen tree 300 feet long and several centuries old, has been hollowed out so that for a distance of sixty yards a man can walk upright inside it.

The government has concluded not to allow the original manuscript of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution to be taken to Chicago, for fear of the injury or loss of those precious documents.

In the mountains of northern California, at an altitude of two thousand feet, there is an extinct crater, eight miles in circumference, and at a depth of eight hundred feet there is a lake of fresh water, with an island in the center.

The Golconda mines are now exhausted. At one time sixty thousand men were employed in them. When Sultan Mahmoud, who reigned 1177-1206, died, he left in his treasury over four hundred pounds weight of gems from Golconda.

Those versed in the science of optics tell us that no living creature can see in absolute darkness. Some representatives of the animal kingdom have eyes extremely sensitive to rays of light of low intensity, but there must be some light present or no vision.

All the courting is done by the woman in the Ukraine, Russia. When a woman discovers a man she would like to marry, she visits him at his house, and tries to charm him. If he does not like her he leaves her, and lives elsewhere until she deserts his home.

The Cave of the Winds, right under the falls of Niagara, is a truly wonderful spot. Wild and weird sounds re-echo from rock to rock, terrific gusts of wind swirl through the narrow openings, and ever and anon one is almost blinded by the driven spray.

Ninety-two thousand electric lamps will be needed to illuminate the Chicago exhibition. The contractors expect that something like 15,000,000 feet of insulated wire will be needed to effect the distribution of the current. This will keep the manufacturers busy.

The most curious palace in the world is the Alhambra, in Spain. It was originally a fortress, so great in extent as to be capable of holding 40,000 men. It was begun in 1248 and finished in 1314. It contains numerous halls and courts, all decorated in the highest style of Moorish art.

The complete statistics show that the production of beet sugar in the United States has more than doubled during the past year, although there has been no increase in the number of factories. The total production of the six factories was 27,083,332 pounds, against a total of 12,004,838 pounds last year. Experiments in growing sugar beets have been tried in a number of the Western States, and the success has been so great that the number of factories will be increased.

DEATH FROM A BROKEN HEART.

Rare Enough in Surgical Annals, but it Happens Once in a While.

London Daily News.

Do people in trouble ever really die of "a broken heart?" The late Sir George Paget, in one of his lectures just published, under the editorship of his son, by Messrs. Macmillan, acknowledges that in the vast majority of cases thus popularly described there is nothing like an actual rupture of the heart; yet he admits that mental affections will not infrequently cause real disease of the body, and he mentions an actual case of broken heart cited by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of the Jefferson College, Philadelphia, in lecturing to his pupils.

In an early period of his life Dr. Mitchell accompanied, as a surgeon, a packet that sailed from Liverpool to one of the American ports. The captain frequently conversed with him respecting a lady who had promised to become his bride on his return from that voyage. Upon this subject he evinced great warmth of feeling and showed some costly jewels and ornaments which he intended to present as bridal gifts. On reaching his destination he was abruptly informed that the lady had married some one else. Instantly the captain was observed to clasp his hand to his breast and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to his cabin on board the vessel. Dr. Mitchell was immediately summoned, but before he reached him the captain was dead. A post-mortem examination revealed the cause. His heart was found literally torn in twain. The tremendous propulsion of blood (adds the narrator), consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues assunder, and life was at an end.

Dangers of Anæsthetics.

New York Letter.

One of the most experienced physicians in New York said this morning: "The longer physicians have experience with these anæsthetics the more do they dread them. I think it is the judgment of the ablest men in the profession that it is impossible to say when a patient begins to breathe ether that he will ever awaken to consciousness. The chances are that he will, but no physician who is honest can say positively that death may not follow. I was talking with Dr. Van Buren not long ago and he had a bottle of chloroform in his hand, and said: 'Oh, the mischief-maker, how I dread it.' Colonel Shepard undoubtedly had some latent disease, which probably affected his blood, and which required only a single inhalation of ether to develop almost with the rapidity of a serpent's poison."

Turning Talent to Use.

Chicago Tribune.

"Mr. Freshman," said the editor-in-chief, "do you make a specialty of any particular branch of editorial?"

"Yes, sir," answered the new man on the staff, eagerly. "I have given special attention and much thought to the treatment of palæontological subjects, historical criticism and comparative philology."

"H'm! You surprise me, Mr. Freshman," rejoined the editor. "You may turn in, if you please, a half column or so on the necessity of raising less cotton and more hogs down South."